

Together by DefinitelyYou

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Summary:

Jonathan Byers still can't quite believe that he's here, now, with Nancy Wheeler, like this, in some strange bunker, but he's sure as hell not going to let anything stop him from showing her how he feels.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I've been mulling over the this story in my head ever since I watched Season 2 a month ago. I love that the Duffers didn't show us what happened once Jonathan and Nancy stepped into her room at Murray's or on the drive home, which leaves so much to the imagination. There have been some great stories that have provided some juicy details, and this is my take, from Jonathan's perspective. No matter how often I write Jancy, I always end up including Steve in some way, and he worked his way into the story again this time, if only for a minute or two. But Jancy is always my endgame.

Kudos and comments are always appreciated.

“Nancy,” Jonathan whispers to the woman currently trailing kisses down his neck. She doesn’t respond, increasing the intensity of her ministrations instead.

“Nancy,” he whispers again this time more forcefully.

“Mmm?” she answers back, switching to the opposite side of his neck. Nancy settles at a particularly sensitive spot just behind his left ear, and it’s all Jonathan can do to keep himself focused on the topic at hand.

“I, um, don’t have a condom,” he says more to the pillow beneath her head than to her. He has no idea why he’s suddenly shy with her. They’ve fought interdimensional monsters together and, in the course of the last hour, have managed to explore nearly every single part of each other’s body.

Nancy stops and looks at him with her blue eyes wide. It’s the first time they’ve actually stopped to look at each other since they stumbled into her room in a tangle of arms and flurry of kisses. He notices how flushed her face is, how swollen her lips are, how their breathing is in sync. There isn’t a single part of them that isn’t

touching, and it feels as if his entire body is on fire. From the look in her eyes, he's pretty sure she feels the same way.

"I didn't even think of that," she says.

"Me either," he says and nuzzles his nose into her neck, making her squirm. "I didn't plan for this to happen."

"Neither did I," she adds, trailing her fingers lightly along his back and sides, making him squirm in return. They both moan as their sudden movements inspire even more friction between their bodies, and Jonathan locks his lips with Nancy's to avoid any noise reaching Murray, the conspiracy theorist, slumbering in the room above them.

"Should we stop?" he whispers to her again when he catches his breath.

"No, god no, Jonathan," she says forcefully. "When this happened with Steve, we . . . "

And there it was: The one name Jonathan didn't want uttered between them in this room tonight. That single word douses all of the flames that overcame his body just moments ago, leaving him cold and defeated. He gently untangles their limbs and rolls onto his back away from Nancy.

She's at his side in seconds, hovering above him trying to make eye contact. Looking at her is the last thing he wants to do right now, and he covers his eyes with his arm.

"Jonathan, I'm so sorry. It just came out. I didn't even think," she says pleadingly.

"What about Steve, Nancy?" he asks quietly.

"What do you mean?" she asks in return.

"Where does Steve fit into all of this? Is this a one-time thing?"

Jonathan knows that he needs to see and not just hear her response, so he drops his arm and sits up to face her. She has moved to sit by his side, the sheet pulled up haphazardly over her bare skin. Tears shine in her eyes, and she is wearing a look of pure bewilderment.

Dammit, Murray was right about trust issues, he curses to himself.

“A one-night thing? You really think that this is a one-night thing for me?” she finally asks.

“I didn’t, but now . . . I don’t know,” he says forcing himself to hold eye contact with her. “You told me that you waited for me, but you’ve been with Steve all this time. I don’t want this just be something you try because you had a fight with him. I don’t want to be your fall back. It’s more than that for me,” he says, looking away before his emotions get the best of him.

“I don’t love Steve, Jonathan,” she says, nearly cutting him off. “I think I did at one time, but not now. I care about him, but he’s not the person who makes me feel . . . feel brave or strong or like me, who I really am.” Reaching for his hand, she adds, “I’m not quite sure yet what it is between us, but it’s something I can’t ignore any longer.”

Jonathan doesn’t pull away from her, letting her entwine their fingers together, sparks igniting where their matching scars meet on their palms. Nancy lets the sheet fall as she slowly moves across the bed and onto Jonathan’s lap, wrapping wraps her arms around his neck.

“I want you, Jonathan, and not just for tonight,” she says and gives him a heart-stopping kiss. “I’m sorry I mentioned him—it won’t happen again,” she says and gives him another kiss. “Do you trust me?”

Jonathan simply nods as he cups her head in his hands and returns her kiss with an equally passionate one of his own. He still can’t quite believe that he’s here, now, with Nancy, like this, and he’s sure as hell not going to let Steve Harrington stop him from showing her how he feels. He flips her onto her back, eliciting a surprised yelp from her before he kisses her like his whole life depends on this moment. He tries to show her more than he could ever put into words just how much he trusts her. Nancy responds with equal passion, clawing at his back as she tries to bring him closer, and they finally give in to the fire that engulfs them both, condom be damned.

Light streaming in from the basement window above him wakes Jonathan the next morning. Disoriented, he looks around to get his bearings and the reality of the night before hits him. Nancy is slumbering next to him, her arm lightly draped across his chest, legs entwined with his. She looks beautiful in the morning light, completely at peace. He thinks back on the night before, and he still can't quite believe what happened. He slept with Nancy Wheeler. It was both awkward and amazing—or at least it was for him, and he thinks it was for her, too. Thinking about the sighs she made as he explored her body and the moment she moaned his name in passion reawakens in him the excitement of the night before.

Jonathan untangles his legs from Nancy's, trying not to disturb her slumber, and turns on his side to face her. He softly runs his fingers along her cheek, down her neck, across her chest. The morning sunlight has softened the angular planes of her body, and he's amazed by the freedom he now has to touch her. To feel how soft her skin is or to tangle his fingers in her hair . . . to kiss her. He leans in and gently places a kiss on her lips. Her eyes flutter open at the touch. It takes her a moment to focus on his face, but when he does, she breaks into wide smile and reaches out to cup his cheek.

"Hey," she says softly.

"Hey," he says in return.

Jonathan returns his head to the pillow, and Nancy's hand doesn't leave his cheek. For a fleeting moment, he has a desire to turn away from her gaze, but there's a softness in her expression that drives away whatever insecurities he has. After a minute or two, Jonathan decides that he needs to take full advantage of this moment.

He knows that once they leave this room, reality will set in—Will and the Hawkins Lab and, he hates to say, Steve will occupy their thoughts—and wants to experience all he can with her in the short time they have left together in this strange bunker.

Jonathan envelopes Nancy in a tight embrace and sets out to show her once again just how much he trusts her; luckily, she doesn't retreat from him. Unlike the frenzied desire they expressed the night before, their early morning is filled with knowing touches and whispered endearments.

If Murray making a sexually charged joke about the pull-out couch wasn't enough to put a damper on the morning, the abrupt slamming of the door by the same conspiracy theorist officially brings Jonathan crashing back to reality. Add the fact that no one is picking up the phone at his house and his mood has taken a turn for the worse. He should be happy, beyond happy—he finally had enough courage to act on his feelings for Nancy, and her response was more than he ever thought possible. But, just as he thought earlier this morning, the magic seems to fade with each step he takes back towards Hawkins.

He unlocks the passenger door of his car for Nancy and then throws their luggage in the trunk, taking a minute to stash the vodka and soda Murray gifted them in his bag and to collect his thoughts. He has no idea what he's going to say to Nancy once their alone in the car, but he can't put off the inevitable for long. After taking his place behind the wheel and starting the engine, he leans across the seat to pull a new mix-tape out of the glove box. He figures if he can't make conversation he can at least provide a good soundtrack for the drive. As he pulls the tape out of the box, Nancy gently takes it out of his hands.

"What soundtrack do you have planned for us this morning, Jonathan?" she asks looking over the tape.

"Nothing too exciting, just some Bowie and your favorite, Talking Heads," he replies with a smile.

"Hmmm. I was in the mood for some more Billy Holiday," she says looking over at him and returning his smile, "but this will do." Nancy then pops the tape into the cassette player and settles herself into her seat, looking contentedly out her window

"Well, I guess I know that mix-tape I'm making this week," he says trying to match her light mood. She reaches out and squeezes his hand in response, calming his nerves if only for the moment.

They drive in silence for 30 minutes or so. Jonathan's mind is on a constant loop of replaying moments from the night before to trying to

figure out where his mom and Will are to wondering where he and Nancy will stand once they get home. Normally, music can help him tune out the world, but it's clearly not working this morning.

"Jonathan, I can hear you thinking all the way over here," Nancy says finally turning towards him. "Penny for your thoughts?"

"More like a dollar," he says with a smirk.

"What is it? Last night?"

"Yeah" he says not looking at her. "And mom and Will. I'm just worried."

"I understand being worried about your family, but us? I thought I made myself pretty clear," she says.

He waits a moment before answering, wanting to make sure he can clearly articulate his thoughts.

"Does it bother you that a drunk conspiracy theorist essentially set us up?" he finally asks, turning to look at her.

"I don't know, I think he saw through our bullshit. I can appreciate that," she says matter of factly.

"But he was drinking, we were drinking. Were we even thinking straight?" he counters.

"Jonathan, why does it matter how we got together? Isn't the fact that we finally acted on our feelings the most important thing?" she asks in return.

"Yes, but that was last night in a bunker hours away from home. What happens when we get home?"

"Ah, now we're getting somewhere," she says with a smirk of her own.

"I'm not joking around, Nance," he says annoyed.

"Neither am I, *Jon*," she says, equally annoyed. "We've been dancing

around each other for a year now. I know I was with Steve, but you didn't make yourself available either. And now that we were finally honest with each other, had sex with each other for Christ's sake, do you really think I'm going let our relationship go back to whatever it was before?"

"No, but. . ." he tries to interrupt.

"Pull over the car," she says over him.

"What?"

"You heard me. Pull over the car," she says in a tone that Jonathan knows means she won't back down. He slows down the car and pulls into a random driveway, puts the car in park and then turns to face Nancy, ready for a fight. But instead of a confrontation, he's embraced by her instead. She's somehow managed to unbuckle her seatbelt and move across the front seat in the short time he took to put the car in park. It takes him a moment or two to return the embrace, but once he does, his entire body finally relaxes.

"Jonathan, I can't promise that this will last forever or that I won't hurt you," Nancy finally says, breaking away to look him in the eye, "but I can promise you that we're in this together. We'll figure it out, together."

Jonathan has spent the majority of his life closing himself off from most everyone, with the exception of his mother and brother, but Nancy has somehow managed to chip away at the wall he's built around himself. He now realizes that he needs to finish the demolition.

"I'm sorry, Nancy," he finally says. "This is all new to me."

"Me, too," she says smiling. "It's not like I thought I was just one of many girls you've wooed while hunting monsters or battling government conspiracies," she says laughing.

"Well, about that, there is this girl in Indy . . ." he starts before she punches him in the arm.

"That's not funny," she says over her own laughter, but he cuts her

off with a kiss.

“Wow, Jonathan, with a kiss like that I almost believe your story about Indy,” she says before he cuts her off again with another, leading to an impromptu make-out session that leaves them both breathless.

“Okay, now that this”—Nancy says gesturing between the two of them—“is settled, let’s go find your mom and Will. Together.”

“Yeah, together,” Jonathan says in return.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Last night, Jonathan was propelled by desire, but, tonight this is pure animal instinct, a need to chase away the fear, the destruction, the death that they faced barely an hour ago. He needs her to know he's alive, that all of this is real.

Notes for the Chapter:

I originally thought this was a one-shot, but the cabin scene just wouldn't let me go, so here's a little take on the aftermath of Will's exorcism. Enjoy!

I do want to give a quick call out to some amazing stories that have been posted in the last week or so—I'm loving the many perspectives on Jonathan and Nancy and am falling in love with them all over again. Patterns and Ambulance by stoprobbers are both simply beautiful stories, some of the best Jancy fic I've read so far. Symbiotic by fallingstar95 is also darn good. I know there are more, and I'll add them later.

“Joyce? Jonathan? It’s closed. Do you copy? It’s closed. Over” came Hopper’s raspy voice over the two-way radio on the table in the corner. The voice startles the four of them—Joyce, Will, Nancy, and himself—out of a daze of exhaustion and relief. Jonathan breaks himself away from his family’s embrace to respond.

“Hopper? Do you copy?” he calls back on the device.

“Jonathan?” comes the static-filled reply.

“Yeah. Are you okay? Is El okay?”

“Yes. We’re both okay. How’s Will?”

“He’s good. Tired but good.”

“I need to take care of a few things here at the lab and then we’re going to head back to your place.”

“Okay. I think we might stay here,” Jonathan says looking over to him mom who nods in response. “Will isn’t ready to travel yet, he needs some rest first.”

“There are extra blankets in the back room. Get some sleep, and we’ll see you in the morning. Over and out.”

Jonathan sets the receiver back on the radio and returns to his family. Kneeling in front of Will, he realizes just how exhausted his brother truly is. “You need to get some sleep, okay buddy?”

Will nods his response and tries his best to smile. “Sounds good,” he barely whispers.

“Mom, Nancy and I will set up the bedroom for you and Will. We’ll stay out here on the couch.”

His mom nods her head once, looking nearly as exhausted as Will. Just as Jonathan turns away, Joyce grabs his hand. “Jonathan?”

He turns back and kneels in front of her once again. “Yeah?”

She leans forward and embraces him in a nearly bone-crushing hug, letting go of Will for the first time since that thing, the mind flayer the boys called it, left his body. It’s the first time he’s hugged his mom in . . . he doesn’t remember how long, and he collapses into it and her. She may be a small woman, but her hugs are all encompassing, and it feels like home. He can’t stop more tears from welling up, but this time it’s from an overwhelming sense of comfort and not fear. “Thank you for finding us, for saving us tonight,” she says letting go enough to look him in the eye.

“Mom, I’m so sorry I wasn’t there when . . .”

“No, Jonathan, stop. You found us at the lab when we needed you most, and you were here tonight. That’s all that matters,” she says, wiping away his tears. “I love you, Jonathan. I know I don’t tell you that nearly enough,” she says, hugging him tightly one more time.

When Joyce finally lets go, Jonathan gets up and turns, wiping the tears from his eyes. He notices Nancy then, who has moved to the other side of the room out of their orbit. She looks over at him, and he can tell immediately that she feels like an intruder in this moment, which is the last thing he wants her to feel.

“Nance, can you help me with the room?” he asks, almost willing her back to his side.

“Sure,” she says and starts across the cabin, looking somewhat relieved.

“Nancy, wait a second,” Joyce says as she gently lays Will’s down on the bed and walks across the room to Nancy. “Thank you,” she says as she takes Nancy by the shoulders. “Thank you for being here tonight, being here for my boys. For me.”

Jonathan watches Nancy’s face closely, and he notices that the steely resolve she normally wears begins to crack. He’s not surprised—his mom has that effect on people. Nancy doesn’t say a word and simply nods her head, and then he sees the tears start to fall. He moves to comfort her, but Joyce brings Nancy into a tight embrace instead, so he simply watches as the two women he cares most for in this world comfort one another.

When they part, Jonathan reaches for Nancy’s hand, which she quickly takes, and they head to the back room as Joyce returns to her vigil over Will.

He and Nancy work in silence for a few minutes. She turns down the bed, while he searches for the extra blankets, which he finds in a small closet. “Your mom,” she finally says.

“Hmm?” he asks as he turns to her.

“Your mom. She . . .”

“I know.”

“How can someone be so fierce and determined one moment and then so loving and supportive the next?”

“I don’t know. It’s just my mom, how she’s always been.”

“You’re a lot like her, you know.”

“I don’t think so, Nancy.”

“No, you are. You’re just good at hiding it,” she says and smiles at him as she grabs the blankets out of his arms and carries them back into the living room, leaving Jonathan speechless in her wake.

It took much longer to get everyone settled for the night than Jonathan thought it would. They first needed to tend to Will’s burn, which had started to bother him once the shock of the evening’s events had faded. They also had to restart the fire and start up the electric heaters again, as the cold had settled back into the cabin. Once Will and his mom were comfortable in the back room, Jonathan and Nancy collapsed on the couch next to the fire. Comfortably settled with Nancy curled up in front of him, Jonathan finally begins to process the events of the last 24 hours, and despite his bone-weary exhaustion, his mind refuses to turn off.

“Jonathan?” Nancy soon whispers.

“Yeah,” he whispers back.

“You can’t sleep either?”

“No,” he responds with a sigh. “I don’t think I’ve ever been so exhausted in my life, but I can’t stop thinking about . . . everything.”

Instead of replying, Nancy flips herself over so that she’s facing him. She looks as exhausted as he feels, but her eyes are bright. “Would it help if we talked?” she asks him and reaches up to run her fingers through his hair. It feels so good, her touch. He closes his eyes and pulls her closer to him so that nearly every part of them is touching. She’s like an antidote to the emptiness and exhaustion that he feels.

“You were right,” he finally responds.

“About what?”

“The world *was* about to end.”

“But it didn’t.”

“No, it didn’t,” he says, opening his eyes. She’s smiling at him now, and he’s overcome with emotion, again. This girl, this woman, saved his family. Without her, he could have lost his brother, his mother. He owes her everything, wants to give her everything in return. But where does he even start?

“Thank you,” is all he can manage for the moment.

“You would have done the same for me,” she says softly.

“Nancy, if you weren’t here tonight, I’m pretty sure I would have lost both Will and my mom. You saved them. You saved all of us,” he whispers.

“Jonathan, I don’t think I could have done what I did tonight if it was Mike on that bed,” she replies.

“But you did. You’re so strong, so much stronger than me . . .”

“Don’t you say that,” she says capturing his face between her hands and forcing him to look her directly in the eye. “What I did tonight wasn’t about strength, it was quick thinking. You, Jonathan, are one of the strongest people I know.”

“I don’t think so, Nance, I couldn’t stand to see Will in pain, I couldn’t take it,” he says, and he feels a sob start to well up in his chest, but he does his best to hold it in for her sake and his own.

“Remember what I told you earlier? That you’re more like your mom than you let on? I meant it, Jonathan. You’d do anything for your family, anything. You put their needs before your own all the time. I honestly don’t know how you even survived seeing Will go through what he did, after all you’ve done to help him, to support him. And tonight was my turn to support you, Jonathan, to help you,” she says with an intensity that he’s never seen before.

“I told you we were in this together, and I meant it,” she finishes.

So overwhelmed by her words, the only response he can think of is a physical one, and so he kisses her, even more desperately than the night before. And the moment their lips touch, his need for her overcomes his exhaustion. All he can think about is being with her, moving inside her, feeling her breath match his own, their hearts beating as one. It's like nothing he's ever felt before. Last night, he was propelled by desire, but this is pure animal instinct, a need to chase away the fear, the destruction, the death that they faced barely an hour ago. He needs her to know he's alive, that all of this is real.

In a move that surprises them both, he flips them over so that she's beneath him, and she matches him touch for touch. When he presses against her, she rises to meet him. When he kisses her, she nips and tugs at his lips, entangles her tongue with his. When he reaches down to unbutton her jeans, their hands tangle in the desperation to remove any barrier to the friction they so desperately want to chase.

"Jonathan, I need you," she whispers into his ear. "Now."

He stops to look at her again, and her eyes are almost wild, pupils completely blown in the light of the fire. And then he remembers. "Shit, Nancy, condom," he says dropping his forehead down to meet hers.

"You don't need to worry," she says, confusing him.

When he raises he head to look at her again, she's smiling at him mischievously. "Look in my back pocket."

He somehow maneuvers his hand underneath and digs into the pocket of her jeans, finding a single foil packet waiting for him. "How?" he asks amazed.

"I found it when I was looking for bandages for Will. I opened a drawer in the bathroom and rummaged around a bit, and there it was at the very back. So I took it," she says triumphantly.

"Don't you think Hopper will notice?"

"One random condom in a bathroom drawer? No. Besides, we need it more than he does at this moment," she says with a smirk.

Jonathan rushes to open the packet while Nancy removes the barriers between them. When Jonathan finally enters her, everything else fades away. He moves as slowly as he can, never taking his eyes off of hers. He's determined to watch her, and she, once again, meets his gaze, never faltering. It takes only a few minutes for him to climax, and she follows almost immediately. Watching her as she comes, looking into her eyes, is the final blow to the wall Jonathan had built between them over the last year. There's nothing separating them now, not physically, not emotionally, and the sentiment he's always been too afraid to admit let alone say out loud is out of his mouth before he can catch himself: "I love you," he breathes out.

Nancy goes still and looks startled, almost confused, and Jonathan closes his eyes to block out the rejection he knows is waiting for him. It was too soon.

"Jonathan, open your eyes," she finally whispers. When he does, he notices tears welling in her eyes for the second time that night. "Say it again, please."

"I love you, Nancy Wheeler," he says more confidently.

After a beat or two, she responds: "I love you, Jonathan Byers."

And that's it. Whatever this thing was between them for the last year is finally articulated, defined. Love. It was love. However crazy or fast it may seem, they were always hurtling towards this moment, together.